

P O E M S, &c.

[Price Two Shillings.]



333

9

Getch 3

P O E M S :

CONSISTING OF

R

ORIGINAL PIECES;

A N D

TRANSLATIONS,

FROM THE

ANCIENT, AND MODERN CLASSICS.

— *VARIO NECTH DE FLORE COROLLAM.*

PALLADIUS.

L O N D O N ,

PRINTED FOR J. MURRAY, NO. 32, FLEET-STREET.

MDCCLXXX.

POEM

CONTINUATION OF

ORIGINAL PIECES



BY A. AND J. MOORE CLASSIC.

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR —

LONDON:

СОСНОВЫЙ

ПЕЧАТЬ ГРУДЬЯ МУРАВЬЯ МОСКОВСКАЯ

МОСКОВСКАЯ

C O N T E N T S.

Beauty, a Pindaric Ode.	Page 1.
On Leaving a certain Country Retirement.	12.
On Happiness.	17.
A Sonnet to the Night.	20.
Altered from the Song of " You meaner Beauties," by Sir Henry Wotton.	21.
Ode IV. Of ANACREON, On the Use of Life.	27.
Ode V. On the Rose.	29.
Ode VI. On the same.	31.
Ode XXIII. On Riches.	33.
Ode XXIV. On the Uncertainty of Life.	35.
Ode XXXIV. To his Mistress.	37.
Ode XLIII. On the Grasshopper.	38.
Ode LV. On Lovers.	41.
Hymn to Venus : of SAPPHO.	42.
Ode to a female Friend.	45.
A Fragment.	47.
Another.	48.
Another.	49.
Idyllium II. of BION. Cupid, and the Bird-catcher.	50.
Idyllium VI. of MOSCHUS. The Whimsical Lovers.	53.
Ode XXX. Book I. of HORACE. To Venus.	55.
Ode V. Book II. On Lalage.	57.
Ode XIII. Book III. To the Fountain of Blandusia.	60.
Ode	

C O N T E N T S.

Ode X. Book IV. To Ligurinus.	62.
Epode XV. To Neæra.	64.
Poem II. of CATULLUS. To Lesbia's Sparrow.	67.
Elegy II. Book I. of PROPERTIUS. To Cynthia.	69.
Elegy VIII. Book. I. To Cynthia.	73.
Elegy XVIII. Book I. To Cynthia.	78.
Epigram LXV. Book III. of MARTIAL. To Diadumenus.	82.
Epigram XIII. Book IV. On the Nuptials of Pudens and Claudia.	84.
Epigram XIX. Book II. of MARULLUS. To Love.	86.
On Providence : from the Italian of FILICAIA.	88.
On Love : from BUONDELMONTE.	90.
On the Rose : from the French of BERNARD.	91.
Ode to the Heliotrope : from GILLES DURANT.	94.
▲ Song : from MOLIERE.	96.

II AP 66

ORIGINAL PIECES.

CH 8



ORIGIN

Y T U A I E Q T E D O C

B E A U T Y,

A PINDARIC ODE

BY ANGELA WARTON

I. I.

NOT that bright Fancy's orient hues *

Bloom in the chaplet, wove to wreath thy shrine;

Not that the song-inspiring Nine

With warmth superior animate the Muse;

To thee, enchanting Nymph! I pay

The wildly-warbled, votive lay :

I. 1.] Invocation to Beauty—The measure of this Ode, which is regular, exactly corresponds with that of Gray's exquisite Ode on the Progress of Poetry.

* Not that her blooms are mark'd with beauty's hue,
My rustic muse her votive chaplet brings—

WARTON'S Sonnet to Mr. Gray.

H.A.

B

But

2 ODE TO BEAUTY.

But the warm raptures which thy smiles impart,
Firing all my youthful heart,
Prompt my rash hand to strike the vocal shell,
Thy soul-transporting pow'r to tell ;
Then, O sweet goddess ! kindly deign
Indulgent to attend thy bard's untutor'd strain !

I. 2. i and II. V.

When Spring led on the blushing Hours,
In dance fantastic, thro' the musky shade ;
Hygeia, rosy-featur'd maid !
Rov'd the sweet mazes of her jasmin bow'rs ;
When buxom Youth, who loiter'd there,
Enamour'd saw the bright-ey'd fair ;

I. 2.] Birth of Beauty—Nothing can contribute more towards having a beautiful race ; than Youth, and Health, under the restriction of Temperance.

And

And fondly woo'd her to his warm embrace,
Flush'd with modest-blooming grace :
Beauty ere long, a welcome offspring ! came,
And crown'd Hygeia's spotless flame ;
To Temp'rance she confign'd her child,
Who nurs'd its tender age amid her coverts wild.

I. 3.
Parent of delight refin'd !

Thine the magic that can bind
Ev'ry passion of the soul,
Sweet magic ! tutor'd to controul
The sense-illumin'd mind :
Bright flame of youthful inspiration !
Heart-enchanting emanation

I. 3.] Influence of Beauty over the soul—Beauty extends to inanimate things, throughout all creation.

4 ODE TO BEAUTY.

Of seraphic, sacred pleasure !
When thy smile a lover meets,
With what brisk, redoubled measure
Ev'ry pulse extratic beats !
Yet, not to human forms art thou confin'd ;
The stains that Eve's gay-tissued veil adorn,
The gold-bestudded diadem entwin'd
Round Night's dim brow, the purple blaze
of Morn ;
All Nature's charm confess thy sov'reign rule ;
Thy subtile pow'r pervades great Nature's bound-
less whole !

II. 1.

Say, why in such fantastic shapes
Dost thou on Fancy's wav'ring vision play ?
Why pour that ever-varying ray,
Whose native tint Discernment's ken escapes ?

II. 1.] Beauty ideal—Every species of being has a different conception of it—The necessity of this.

In sable garb, why dost thou charm
Nations, whom Afric's fervors warm ?
While, in a crimson-mingled, fair attire,
Europe's sons thy form admire ?
Or why, to plumes of some distinguish'd hue *
Remains each am'rous warbler true ?
'Tis, that thy sympathy allures
Each kind to love its own, and Nature's aim
secures.

II. 2,

Revolving sad th' impending fate,
That hung o'er Ilion's tow'rs with lurid frown,
To save their war-devoted town,
When sat the sages at the Scæan gate ;

* See the Spectator upon this subject, N° 412.

II. 2.] Madame Dacier remarks, that there could not be a more striking instance of the power of Beauty, than in the astonishment the Grecian veterans expressed at the appearance of the lovely Helen; when they were assembled to see the decisive battle between Menelaus and Paris. *Vide Homer, II. 3.*

Bright

6 ODE TO BEAUTY.

Bright Helen burst upon their sight,
Anxious to mark th' eventful fight :
Then, as each hoary chief admiring views
Falling fast her eyes' soft dews,
The snow-white heavings of her troubled breast,
And ev'ry grace in sorrow drest,
They cry : " What wonder, that such
charms *
Whole empires have involv'd, nine long long
years in arms !"

* These, when the Spartan queen approach'd the tow'r,
In secret own'd resistless beauty's pow'r ;
They cry'd ; " no wonder, such celestial charms
" For nine long years have set the world in arms."

POPE'S Homer, Il. 3.

II. 3.

II. 3.

Beauty ! come, and bring the maid,

Innocence, in white array'd !

Ever may the nymph attend

Thy flow'ry steps ; and ever lend

Her tend'rest, mildest aid !

To twine the garland, round thee flaunting,

If sweet Innocence be wanting,

Vain are all the buds of Nature !

She with guiltless frolic throws,

O'er each gaily-smiling feature,

Softer blooms, and fairer hues :

II. 3.] Beauty appears most captivating, when accompanied with Innocence—It more immediately excites the passion of Love—For the fiction of Cupid being delivered up a prisoner to Beauty, by the Muses, see Anacreon :

Αἱ Μῦσαι τὸν Ἐρωτα

Δίησασαι σεφάνους

Τῷ Καλλει παρίδυκαν.—ANAC. OD. XXX.

When

8 ODE TO BEAUTY.

When late the Muses, in the Thespian shade,
The purple-pinion'd Son of Venus found ;
To thee the wanton captive they convey'd,
In fragrant, myrtle-woven fetters bound ;
'Twas then you taught the boy that fatal art,
To point with surer aim his soul-subduing dart.

III. I.

Sure sacred Reason must deny,
That thou, the choicest boon of fav'ring heav'n !
To mortal man wert only giv'n
Awhile to fix his wanton-roving eye ;
For nobler ends wert thou design'd !

To form, to humanize the mind ;

III. I.] Beauty not merely meant to please the sight ; but to assist Virtue, in gaining an ascendancy over the soul—Beauty appears to greatest advantage, when influenced by Virtue. See the Spectator, N° 33.

To

ODE TO BEAUTY.

9

To make fair Virtue's precepts please us more,
Soft'ning her too rigid lore :
When thou, in homage to the sainted queen,
At Virtue's saphire throne art seen ;
How pure a blush paints ev'ry charm,
While Dignity's bright beams play round thy
awful form !

III. 2.

Divinest Beauty, ever hail !
* Whether in heav'n you cull ambrosial flow'rs ;
Whether, mid rosy-braided bow'rs,
Thy am'rous frolics cheer life's tearful vale :

III. 2. Beauty an inhabitant both of heaven, and earth—
The companion of Venus, and the Graces.

- And all the bright uncounted Pow'rs,
Who feed on heav'n's ambrosial flow'rs.

COLLINS' *Ode on the poetical Character.*

C

But

10 ODE TO BEAUTY.

But most, 'tis said, thou lov'st to rove
O'er fair Idalia's myrtle grove ;
And with the Graces prankt in bloomy
wreaths,
Knit the dance, while Music breathes
Soft silver strains ; or with the Queen to toy,
Whose ocean-birth you view'd with joy :
'Twas then thy heart with transport beat ;
Then Nature's smiles declar'd, thy triumph was
complete.

III. no 3.
Amber'd clouds in heav'n were hung,
Clouds ! that dewy fragrance flung
O'er the Morn, of crimson light
Too prodigal, whose tresses bright
With rubied gems were strung :

III. 3. Birth of Venus, Goddess of Beauty.

From

ODE TO BEAUTY. II

From coral-woven beds resorting,
All the Nereids, frolic-sporting ;
All the antic Loves, belonging
To fond Pleasure's blue-ey'd train,
Seem'd, with eager rapture, thronging
Where enchantment held the main :
Forth from the deep, in foamy silver drest,
Sudden emerg'd a form divinely fair ;
Her native charms were to the view confess,
Loose wander'd in the blast her streaming
hair ;
* Nigh her gay conch the winds soft-footed trod,
And o'er the ridgy green-sea all sublime she rode.

* Soft-footed Winds, with tuneful voyces, there
Dance through the perfum'd air.

COWLEY, *Pindaric Ode.*

ON

LEAVING A CERTAIN COUNTRY RETIREMENT.

Farewell ! with ev'ry blessing crown'd *,

Dear scenes ; where late I pass'd my days ;

Where smiling Joy strew'd all my ways ;

And Health with roseate cheek is found :

The Fays, and dapper Elves, each night,

Tic'd by the stars' soft-twinkling light,

Pursue their harmless revels here ;

And tread, in many a mystic round,

With frolic dance, the circled ground,

Whose traces in the morn appear :

* No one has succeeded so happily in this species of poetry, as the ingenious author of the *Epistles of Arisippus*; Gresset has wrote some lovely poems of the same kind, in French; see Dr. Langhorne's critique upon these writers, in his *Effusions of Fancy and Friendship*, Let. ix. Vol. ii.

The

COUNTRY RETIREMENT. 13

The Naiads haunt these silver floods,
And Fauns rejoice amid these woods,
Sweet-piping shepherds glad these plains ;
The red-breast, from the verdant spray,
Salutes the dawn, and close of day,
With melody's untutor'd strains :

'Twas here I tasted heart-felt bliss,
When first dear Sylvia blest my arms ;
I hung transported on her charms,
And eager snatch'd the nectar'd kiss ;
What elegance her form confess'd,
By Neatness, her own handmaid, drest !

Simplicity, with artless grace,
Braided her smoothly-polish'd hair ;
Love taught her breast to heave half-bare ;
And Smiles lay dimpling in her face :

Such

14. THE LEAVING VAUDE

Such, such was Sylvia, lovely maid ! *adv*

When first she fann'd my youthful fires :

Soon as her beauties I survey'd, *unique*

Beauties ! that kindled strong desires ;

And heard her soul-inchanting tongue ; *as*

Sudden, I felt soft pleasing pains *and now*

Impetuous rush through all my veins ;

Nor knew from whence the magic sprung : *now*

So, sat in spring beneath some shade, *and I*

We wonder what perfumes the glade ;

Unconscious, that beneath our feet *and W*

The lowly-lurking vi'lets grow, *and M*

And modest hide their purple glow,

But breathe around a balmy sweet : *and B*

Ye rural haunts, where late I rov'd, *and I*

Adieu ! be witness how I lov'd ; *and A*

Here

COUNTRY RETIREMENT. 151

Here Mirth his wings no more shall spread,
Nor Pleasure pour her gaudy ray ;
Sylvia, my Sylvia's far away !
And Happiness with her is fled !
Gay Dalliance now forsakes your bow'rs,
With all the rosy-bosom'd Hours.

* As once thou from Olympus' dome,
Bright Venus ! at thy Sappho's pray'r,
Didst deign compassionate to come ;
So harness now thy milk-white doves,
And on the bosom of the air
Descend, with all thy winged Loves
Flutt'ring officious round thy car ;

• See Sappho's *Hymn to Venus*, stanza 2.

πατέος δὲ δόμον λιποῖσαι
Χρύσειν, ἔλθει——

Haste,

161 . . . ON LEAVING, &c.

Haste, pity's lenient balm impart !

.Bring back the beauteous nymph again ! —

But ah ! the tender wish is vain ;

Ease then, at least, thy suppliant's heart !

ON

HAPPINESS.

And happiness is now the only boundless bliss;

Or where else can we find a more lasting pleasure?

On in hope's gay course, close follower of time!

What some call Happiness is but a name,

That discontent has taught mankind to frame;

An airy good, by mortals still purſu'd,

That only serves poor mortals to delude;

A phantom, follow'd thro' the world in vain;

That all men grasp at, but that none obtain;

A gilded meteor, that o'er Fancy's sphere

Glides gayly bright, but soon dissolves in air;

An unknown something, never yet posſeſt;

Still for that something pants each human breast.

Say, should we search this wide creation round,

In what fair clime would Happiness be found?

odT D Say,

Say, is its dwelling on those thirsty lands,
Where fervid suns rage fierce o'er burning sands?
Or where one long, perpetual winter reigns,
And robes in snowy vest the frost-bound plains?
Or in those climes, those softer climes! that lie
Beneath a milder, more indulgent sky;
Where, with rich verdure deck'd, the meads dis-
play their bosoms to the sun's more temp'rate ray?
Such is thy clime, O Albion! Europe's pride;
Yet not with thee does Happiness reside:
Tho' wave thy furrow'd fields with golden grain;
And milk-white flocks spread wide o'er ev'ry
plain; never, never, did such a tide;
Tho' crown'd with commerce, swells thy plenteous
tide; And rills unnumber'd down thy vallies glide;

Tho'

Tho', chief of blessings, liberty is giv'n
To thee, sweet isle ! by all-disposing heav'n ;
Tho' blest with honour, fortune, peace, renown ;
Yet canst thou call fair Happiness thy own ?
Then cease, vain man ! thy fond pursuit give
Up, o'er ;
Nor think to find it on an earthly shore :
Content alone can ev'ry ill redress ;
Hence learn to know, Content is Happiness.

A SONNET TO THE NIGHT.

COME, sable Queen! and, in thy saphire shell
Bedrop'd with gold, ascend the starry sphere; I
Weaving with silv'ry brede thy ebon hair!
Let me with thee, and Contemplation dwell!

Thro' raven glooms thy rapid course impel,
And lash thy dun steeds up the steep of air;
While sober vigils with the penfive Fair
I keep, within her oak-embower'd cell.

And Cynthia! thou fresh tip thy gleamy horn,
Skirting the volum'd clouds with virgin light,
To guide my steps: till ruddy-featur'd Morn
Shall strew the orient skies with roses bright,
Shall hang with pearls the white-emblos-
som'd thorn,
And bid the dædal landscape burst to sight.

A L.

Miw basibow si h'euu. I es'ir uedT
ALTERED FROM THE SONG OF
"YOU MEANER BEAUTIES,"
BY SIR HENRY WOTTON.

Ye glitt'ring orbs of crystal light !
 That fret the azure vault of night,
 Whose countless numbers strike th' astonish'd
 eyes :
 Vain throngs ! how soon extinct your fires,
 Each little glory soon expires ;
 When flames the gold-hair'd sun in eastern skies !

* This ancient little ballad, wrote by Sir Henry Wotton, knight, on that amiable princess, Elizabeth, daughter of James the First, and wife of the Elector Palatine, is preserved in the *Reliquiae Wottonianæ*, printed in 1651; it likewise finds a place in Vol. II. of *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*; the ingenious compiler of which, gives some historical account of it.

Thou

Thou vi'let ! nurs'd in woodland wild,
Young Zephyr's bride, Spring's first-born
child !

Whose vest in heav'n's cerulean tint is dy'd :

How fade thy beauties on the sight !

No more thy perfume yields delight ;

When the rich rose unfolds its crimson pride.

Ye feather'd tribes ! who in the groves

With trills melifluous woo your loves,

As Nature's self inspires the tender strain :

Your melting musick fails to please,

Harsh, and untuneful are your lays ;

When the lorn nightingale awakes the plain.

So, when my Fair, whose angel face

Is deck'd with soul-subduing grace,

In

In beauty's awful circle shines supreme :

Each nymph, that won the heart before,

By her eclips'd, can charm no more ;

Admiring crowds her sov'reign pow'r proclaim !

TRANSLATION

89 A N O N C E

the present state of society, and the
present condition of the world, it is
evident that the time has come when
we must take up our stand, and
make known our principles.

T R A N S L A T I O N S.

E



FROM ANACREON.

ODE IV.

ON THE USE OF LIFE.

ON beds of flow'ry trefoil laid,
 Or stretch'd beneath the myrtle's shade ;
 I'll yield to ev'ry soft desire,
 That wine, and passion can inspire ;
 Then Love, in bound-up vest array'd,
 Shall be himself my Ganymede :
 * Life like a chariot rolls away,
 Nought can prolong its transient stay ;
 And when we die, as die we must,
 † What then, alas, remains but dust ?

* *Properat cursu
Vita citato, voluerique die
Rota præcipitis vertitur anni.*

SENECA *Hercul. fur. Aet. I. Sc. 2.*

† *Nos ubi decidimus
Quò pius Æneas, quò Tullus dives, & Ancus,
Pulvis & umbra sumus.* HORAT. *Od. 7. Lib. 4.*

* What then avails the rich perfume,
 That's spread to grace a lifeless tomb ?
 Or what the vain libations shed,
 In pomp inglorious, o'er the dead ?—
 Give rather, whilst I here remain,
 Those sweets, which else you'd waste in vain !
 Let crowns of new-blown roses spread
 Their fragrant foliage round my head !
 And bring the beauteous nymph I love,
 Whose charms can ev'ry joy improve !
 Then, wanton Cupid, learn to know ;
 † That, ere I join the dance below,
 I'll taste what life can here bestow !

• Μη μερα, μη τεφανις λιθιναις σιλαισι χαριζη,
 Μηδε το πυρ φλεξης εις κενον οδαπη
 Ζωτικοι, ειτι θελεις χαρισαι.

ANTHOL. Epig.

† See Pindar, Tibullus, and other writers upon the joys of Elysium.

O D E V.

ON THE ROSE.

WHILE rosy wreaths our brows intwine,
 * Let's blend their sweets with gen'rous wine ;
 With wine we'll ev'ry care destroy,
 And sweetly smile with wanton joy.
 What flow'r can with the rose compare ?
 The vernal season's choicest care !
 'Tis sacred to the pow'rs above,
 For all the gods the rose approve :
 Roses the lovely head adorn
 Of that sweet child of Venus born ;

* The ancients used roses, not only by way of perfume at their entertainments ; but even threw them into their cups, to flavour the wine.

*Huc vina et unguenta, et nimium breves
Flores amoenæ ferræ jube rosa.* HORAT. Od. 3. Lib. 2.

When

When, with the Graces hand in hand,
In mirthful dance he leads the band :
With roses, Bacchus, then prepare
A chaplet that shall grace my hair ;
Thus deckt in rosy, gay attire,
I'll in your temples tune my lyre ;
And dance, with * blooming nymphs, around
Your statue, and your hallow'd ground.

* The original Greek word is very expressive ; *εαθυκολπος*, which, according to Dacier, means fine-shap'd.

O D E VI.

ON THE SAME.

DRINK, boys, while wreaths of rosy bloom
 Flaunt round our brows, and drop perfume :
 Behold ! a beauteous nymph appears,
 Whose snowy hand a thyrsis bears,
 With rustling leaves of ivy twin'd,
 Emblem of love, for joy design'd ;
 Lo ! to the lute, her twinkling feet
 The ground, in measur'd cadence, beat :
 And see ! a youth, whose lips exhale
 An am'rous, perfume-breathing gale,

* Dacier supposes this Ode to refer to a masquerade, where the parties ran about the streets, visiting their female acquaintance, and assembling to dance in the temple of Comus. Barnes terms it *Κωμεῖς*, and Dr. Trapp *Συμποσίου*.

Sweep

Sweep swift the silver-sounding strings * ;
While of gay mirth, and love he sings :
See too ! the Boy of wanton wiles,
With Bacchus, and the Queen of smiles,
Seeking the god of revelry,
Of rout, and festive jollity ;
Comus, whom hoary age admires !
Comus, who gaiety inspires !

* Horace has something like the original προχεων λιγειαν εμφην
*cui liquidam pater
Vocem cum citharā dedit.*

HORAT. Od. 24. Lib. 1.

*O D E XXIII.**ON RICHES*.*

COULD we but obtain, by wealth,
 Length of days, and constant health ;
 I'd employ my utmost care,
 To procure an ample share ;
 That, whene'er the tyrant Death
 Should demand my forfeit breath,
 I might quickly, with a sum,
 Bribe him to recall my doom :
 But since human life, for gold,
 Can be neither bought, nor sold ;

* Stobæus relates ; that Polycrates, the tyrant of Samos, gave Anacreon five talents of gold, which caused him so much care, that he sent it back again, saying, it was not worth the anxiety of keeping it ; and wrote this ode upon the occasion.

Why this foolish thirst for gain,

That torments us but in vain ?

I, my friends, resign'd to fate,

Death's approach will calmly wait ;

Bacchus, and the God of love,

All my moments shall improve :

Thus I'll live, while here I stay,

Ever cheerful, ever gay !

! I w^t you to m^r my aⁿccupⁱe W
Ode, E^m XXIV. up if I mid d^rW
y^t h^s g^oad^g over if I mid d^rW
ON THE UNCERTAINTY OF LIFE.

SINCE human life is but a span,
E'en let's enjoy it while we can !
How long I've liv'd, I know full well ;
How long I may, 'tis hard to tell ;
The past I've spent in mirth, and ease ;
In mirth I'll pass my future days :
Avaunt then cares, that trouble life ;
Ill-grounded fears ; perpetual strife ;
And tyrant wisdom, whom we find
Stern foe to happiness of mind !

Though many scholiasts doubt the originality of this ode, from the great irregularity of the Greek measure; yet its spirit is surely sufficient to convince us, that it is really Anacreon's.

With Bacchus, tyrant of my soul !
With him I'll quaff the nectar'd bowl ;
With him I'll revel, dance, and play,
Till fate shall bring the destin'd day !

O D E XXXIV.

TO HIS MISTRESS.

THO' youth, and beauty, lovely fair !

Spread o'er thy face a thousand charms ;

Yet don't despise my hoary hair,

Nor shun these old, but longing arms :

Mark, how those garlands please the view,

Where varied blooms their tints disclose ;

* Where lilies blend their silver hue,

And yield fresh lustre to the rose.

* *Quale roseæ fulgent inter sua lilia mixta.* OVID.

Indum sanguineo veluti violaverit ofro

Siquis ebur, aut mixta rubent ubi lilia multâ

Alba rosâ.

VIRGIL. *Æn.* 12.

O D E

O D E XLIII.

ON THE GRASHOPPER.

CHEARFUL songster of the plain !

Happiest of the insect train !

Happiest of the happy few,

* Sipping sweet the morning dew !

You some branch's lofty seat

Chuse, for your retir'd retreat ;

† There you pass the live-long day,

Harmless sing, and wanton play ;

• Grashoppers live on dew, according to the poets.

Ἄρκει τεττίγας μεθυσαὶ δροσὸς αλλὰ πιούλες

Αἰδενὶ κικηνῶν εἰσὶ γεγωνότεροι.

ANTIPATER.

Dumque thymo pascuntur apes, dum rore cicade. VIRGIL. Ecl. 5.

† Τεττίγεσσι ἐσικότες οἵτε καθ' Ελπι

Διεδρέω ὁφεζόμενοι ὅπα λειρίζεσσατ Ιεῖσι.

HOMER. Iliad 3.

Some writers affirm, that the male grashoppers only sing, and that the females are mute; wherefore Xenarchus, a comic writer, said: " How happy are the male grashoppers, to have dumb wives."

Fruits

Fruits which rip'ning suns produce,
All that's destin'd for man's use,
All in Nature's vast design,
Happy insect ! all are thine :
Stranger thou to ev'ry wrong,
Rustics love thy grateful song,
They with joy thy chirping hear,
Proof that autumn heats draw near :
* Thee the sacred Sisters love,
Phœbus deigns thy song t' approve ;
Far from worldly care you stray ;
Ever prudent, ever gay ;

* Ælian tells us how dear this animal was to the Muses, and how much they were offended with those who eat it.

Free

* Free from age, from sickness free;
Fed with rural luxury:
Say what blessings more you'd prove?
Blest as all the gods above!

• See the story of Aurora and Tithonus, to which Horace alludes, *Od. 28. Lib. 1.*

ODE LV.

SONG OF ANACREON
ON LOVERS.

CERTAIN marks on all things lie;
 * Horses wear them on the thigh;
 We the haughty Parthian know
 By the turban on his brow:
 † Lovers, spite of all disguise,
 Are discover'd by their eyes;
 What by silence they'd conceal,
 Silence, and their looks reveal.

* The Greeks had two letters for marking of horses; the *cappa*, and the *fan*; the first was made like our Q, and horses so marked were called *cappaticæ*; the *fan* was the *sigma*, formed like our C; and horses marked with this, were termed *fanphære*. Dacier.

† These four lines are elegantly paraphrased, by Mons. de la Fosse, in his translation of Anacreon.

G

FROM

FROM SAPPHO.

* HYMN TO VENUS.

IMMORTAL daughter of the skies,
 To whom unnumber'd fanes arise,
 Bright Venus ! who dost oft beguile
 Fond hearts with thy delusive smile ;
 O grant, this bosom ne'er may prove
 The rending pangs of hopeless love !

If e'er, my queen, you lent an ear
 Propitious to your suppliant's pray'r ;
 O, now my plaintive voice attend,
 And from your native skies descend !
 As once, when here you deign'd to come,
 And left Olympus' starry dome :

* We are indebted to Dionysius Halicarnassus, for the preservation of this Hymn.

With

With trembling pinions, thro' the air I went
The sparrows drew your radiant car ;
Swift, from the realms of brighter day,
They skim'd along th' aerial way ;
And, gayly hovering on high
I mark'd them thro' the saphire sky :

Soon as they'd hither brought their queen,
They wing'd their flight to heav'n again ;
Then, while each sweetly-smiling grace
Dawn'd with mild lustre o'er your face,
You ask'd the cause of my distress,
And for what wrongs I sought redress ?

What rage my gentle bosom fir'd,
And what it was I most desir'd ?
Who the lov'd swain I wish'd t'ensnare,
For whom my wily arts prepare ?—

44 HYMN TO VENUS.

“ Tell me, who flight thy soft controul; diw
“ And who subdues my Sappho’s soul? qd adT
“ Tho’ now he flies thee with disdain,
“ Soon, soon the youth shall wear thy chain;
“ If now rejects thy gifts with scorn,
“ He soon shall offer in his turn;
“ And does he now thy pow’r withstand, noo?
“ He soon shall own thy mild command!” adT

Now, gentle goddess, hear my pray’r,
And now extend your guardian care!
O, hither haste, and deign t’ impart
Your wonted comfort to my heart!
Still to my suit indulgent prove,
And still protect an injur’d love!

O D E

* ODE TO A FEMALE FRIEND.

THE youth, who fitting near to you,
 Your heav'nly smiles can raptur'd view ;
 In converse sweet his hours improve ;
 Is happy as the gods above :

'Tis this that causes all the smart,
 Which rankles in my tortur'd heart ;
 For while on you my ravish'd sight
 Is fixt, my voice forsakes me quite ;

A subtle fire within me glows,
 Wand'ring thro' ev'ry vein it flows ;
 Deep murmurs in mine ears arise ;
 And shadows veil my swimming eyes ;

COLD
 • This Ode is quoted from Sappho, by Longinus. See an excellent critique upon it, in the Spectator, No. 229.

Cold

Cold, dewy sweats my limbs o'erspread;

I tremble; and my colour's fled;

My pulse is still; my shorten'd breath

Seems to foretell th' approach of death.

T

HE young, who judge least of how

Yon peace only notices can baptizing view

In conversion's power find profound intelligence;

Leads above all the way to quiet el-

A FRAG-

* This Ode is derived from a speech by Longinus. See the

Accidental editions above it, in the Collector. No. 168.

Cord

A N H T O N Y.
• A FRAGMENT.

WHEN thou art dead, by none wilt thou
 be mourn'd ;
 Pierian garlands ne'er thy brows adorn'd ;
 Heard of by none, inglorious shalt thou go
 To the dark regions of the King below ;
 And Time shall then obliterate thy name,
 While latest annals shall record my fame.

* These lines are supposed to have been part of an epistle,
 addressed to some vain illiterate beauty.

A N-

* ANOTHER.

THE Pleiads cease their glimm'ring light,
 And Cynthia's silver-axed car
 No longer gilds the gloom of night ;
 But darkness spreads the lurid air :
 The love-appointed time is fled ;
 Yet, yet my swain prolongs his stay !
 While, in my solitary bed,
 I sigh the loit'ring hours away !

* This fragment is found in Hephaestion.

AH, cease, reproachful parent, cease thy
scorn !

Nor chide thy Sappho, wretched, and forlorn;
No more the various labours of the loom
These hands can urge, for love has seal'd my doom;
Love's rending pangs deny my bosom rest,
And the dear youth has all my soul possest !

* Hephaestion quotes this fragment from the seventh book of Sappho's odes.

H F R O M

((50+))

FROM BION.

— IDYLLIUM HAD.—

*CUPID AND THE BIRD-CATCHER.

A Youth, untaught in am'rous pain,
Who joy'd to snare the feather'd train,
In quest of game was gone to rove
Far in a thick, embow'ring grove :
Perch'd on a box-tree's lofty height,
Sly Cupid struck the sportsman's sight ;
Who, with delight, and wonder, spies
This bird of more than usual size :
And now, with nice observant care,
First here, then there, he sets his snare ;

MORE H.
* Spenser imitates this Idyllium, in his Shepherd's Calendar, for March.

Watch-

CUPID AND THE BIRD-CATCHER. 51

Watching, impatient of delay,
Cupid, who hopp'd from spray to spray;
At length, enrag'd that nought avail'd,
That all his little projects fail'd,
The husbandman in haste he sought,
By whom he had his art been taught ;
Told him the whole affair, and shew'd
The bird that could his skill elude :
Th' experienc'd sage, who archly smil'd,
And shook his head, bespoke the child ;
(For he full well the urchin knew :)
“ Fly hence, no more such game pursue ;
“ Thou'rt best without it, on my word ;
“ As yet there's danger in the bird ;
But when thou'rt older grown, my boy,
“ Yon thing, that now appears so coy,

H 2

“ That

52 CUPID AND THE BIRD-CATCHER.

“ That skips about, and with disdain
“ Mocks all those toils you lay in vain,
“ Shall, when you least expect it, spread
“ His flutt’ring pinions o’er your head.”

FROM

Worrell.

FROM MOSCHUS.

IDYLLIUM VI*.

THE WHIMSICAL LOVERS.

SWEET, rural Echo rustic Pan inspir'd;

And frolic Satyr rural Echo fir'd;

Fair Lyda, beauteous maid ! taught Satyr's heart
To feel the pangs of love's tormenting smart :

As rustic Pan sweet Echo's beauty charm'd,

Sweet Echo's bosom frolic Satyr warm'd,

And beauteous Lyda frolic Satyr mov'd ;

So to the pow'r of love all victims prov'd ;

† Each burn'd for those by whom they most were

scorn'd,

And each scorn'd those who for the scorners burn'd :

* Similar to this Idyllium is the well-known ballad, of,
" Tom loves Mary passing well—"

† — φευγει τοι φίλωντα, καὶ οἱ φίλεστα διωκει. THEOCRIT.

54 THE WHIMSICAL LOVERS.

Ye lovers, hence this grateful maxim learn;

And the just moral of my tale discern :

Let those, who love you well, not love in vain ;

Would you, by those you love, be lov'd again.

WEST, *newspaper* [see *Newspaper*].

And Justice Shall Be Done! Echoes 1943

First, I have a few questions regarding the usage of `getStaticPaths`.

To tell the bards of love's torturing twist:

We highly trust your Echo's perfect carrying.

Sweet Echoes follow logic that's moving

Aug-Permittee lays no objectionable way.

So to this book I have to say. It's brilliant.

• Each pair of tips is made by a different person.

binofsi

FROM

As I held sword-hilt with mailed hand at talon's *

"Two years since battle well—"

FROM HORACE.

ODE XXX. BOOK L

FOURNOS.

QUIT, O quit thy Paphian seat,

And thy Gnidus, sweet retreat !

From thy fav'rite Cyprian home,

Queen of beauty, hither come !

Hither to thy fane repair,

Thy fane, adorn'd with all that's fair !

Thee my Glycera invokes,

And for thee the altar smokes :

With thee bring thy wanton Boy,

Inspiring love, and mirth, and joy ;

And the Graces dancing round,

With flowing hair, and zone unbound ;

And

And the Nymphs, in loose attire,

Such as may provoke desire;

With Youth, that would unpolish'd prove,

And rude, unless refin'd by love;

* Let Hermes too, facetious guest!

Enter thy train among the rest.

• Mercury, the god of eloquence and wit, is a very apt companion here, Plutarch assigns him a place next to Venus.

ODE V. BOOK II.

ON LANGUAGE.

SCARCE thy heifer, but with pain,
 Can the pond'rous yoke sustain ;
 Scarce her tender frame can bear
 Th' embraces of the lusty steer :
 * As yet her childish fancy leads,
 To brisk it o'er the flow'ry meads ;
 Or t' elude the scorching beam,
 Bathing in the cooling stream ;
 Or, with wanton mates, to bound
 O'er the humid sally ground :
 But, O the theft awhile forbear,
 Th' unmellow'd grape at present spare !

* Similar is the expression of Terence :

Animus est in patinis. EUN. AC. 4. SC. 7.

Till Autumn paints each livid bough,
With all the purple's varied glow :
Lalage, tho' now so shy,
Soon your arms no more shall fly ;
Soon with loose desires shall burn,
And shall court you in her turn :
For swift-wing'd Time soon flies away,
And hasten apace to thy decay ;
But bids her youthful charms assume
Superior grace, and fresher bloom :
Not Pholoë, the coy, the fair,
Ere long, shall with thy nymph compare ;
Nor Chloris' self, whose bosom's white
Exceeds e'en Cynthia's virgin light,
When she reflects her silver ray,
By night, upon th' unruffled sea ;

Nor

* Nor Gyges, who if plac'd among,
In female dress, the virgin throng,
Might well deceive, in such disguise,
A stranger's most observing eyes ;
† So like a girl's his tresses flow,
So doubtful all his features show.

• Gyges was a youth of Cnidus, remarkable for his beauty.

† *Cujus manantia fletu*

Ora puillares faciunt incerta capilli. JUVENAL, Sat. 35.

* O D E XIII. B O O K III.

TO THE FOUNTAIN OF BLANDUSIA.

BLANDUSIA's crystal spring, than glass more
clear,

Worthy of richest wine, thy marge with flow'rs
adorn'd !

The destin'd goat to morrow

For thee shall bleed; whose brow, budding
With early horns, prepares for battle, and for love;
But ah, in vain ! for, with his vital blood,

The offspring of the wanton herd

Shall stain thy frigid, limpid stream.

* This ode is rendered almost verbatim; and, as near as our language will permit, according to the Latin metre; in imitation of Milton's version of Ode V. Book I. *Quis multa gracilis, &c.*

* This fountain of Blandusia, or, as many write it, Bandusia, stood in some part of Horace's estate.

The

The hot, and baleful hour, when the fierce dog-star burns,
Affects thee not; thou thy refreshing, cooling wave
Afford'st to oxen weary
With the plough, and wand'ring cattle:
Thou too midst noble fountains shalt be rank'd;
While I the oak, that grows upon these hollow
rocks,
Shall sing; from whence thy waters,
Prattling as they fall, gush forth.

ODE

ODE X. BOOK IV.

TO LIGURINUS.

O, Cruel youth ! whose lovely face
 Venus adorns with ev'ry grace ;
 When years, unlook'd for, shall begin
 To silver o'er your beardless chin ;
 When all those burnish'd locks, which deck
 In wanton curls your snowy neck,
 Those locks, you now so greatly prize,
 * Shall fall a pious sacrifice ;
 When from your cheeks that bloom shall fly,
 Bright as the rose's crimson dye ;
 When age shall change that face of thine,
 And shew a wrinkled Ligurine :

* Alluding, as some suppose, to the custom of the Roman youths cutting off their hair, and consecrating it to Apollo, when they arrived to the age of puberty.

Then

Then (in the glass when you survey
That alter'd form) how oft you'll say :
* Ah ! why, when young, did I not find
So perfect, so mature a mind ?
Or, since I now this mind maintain,
Why won't my beauty still remain ?

* *Eheu, me miseram ! cur non aut hæc mihi
Ætas & forma est, aut tibi hæc sententia.* TERENT.

E P O D E X V.

TO NÆERA.

TWAS silent night, and from the starry sky

The silver moon serenely shone above ;

When you, by all the sacred pow'rs on high,

* Neæra, vow'd me an eternal love !

More close your arms around my neck were twin'd,

Than wanton ivy to its oak e'er clung ;

Thus I prescrib'd those oaths which ne'er could

bind,

And thus they flow'd repeated from your

tongue :

• *sed Luna videt ; sed sidera testes*
Intendunt oculos. JUVENAL. Sat. 8.

As

As long as wolves shall timid sheep assail,
Or fierce Orion vex with storms the main,
While Phœbus' tresses wanton in the gale ;
So long my passion shall sincere remain !

But sure, if Flaccus e'er a man was prov'd,
Neæra's scorn shall be with scorn repaid ;
Nor think he'll see a rival's joy unmov'd,
But seek some kinder, some more constant maid :

Thy once dear beauty then shall plead in vain,
Tho' tears unfeign'd thy lovely eyes o'erflow :
And thou, too happy youth ! that with disdain,
Proud of thy conquest, triumph'st o'er my woe ;

K

Tho'

MOSI

66 A N E P O D E.

Tho' vast thy lands, tho' large thy fleecy store,

* Tho' thro' thy fields its wealth Pactolus roll'd,

Tho' deeply learn'd in philosophic lore,

And all Pythagoras e'er taught of old,

† Tho' Nireus fair thou should'st surpass in
charms;

Yet thou too soon her perjur'd faith wilt mourn;
When she for others shall forsake thy arms,

And I exult, victorious in my turn.

* O'er golden sands let rich Pactolus flow,

And trees weep amber on the banks of Po.

POPE. *Pastoral* 1.

† Nireus was the most lovely youth among the Greeks, who went upon the Trojan expedition.—How admirably does Horace enumerate the three requisites to please in a lover, wealth, learning, and beauty!

FROM

FROM CATULLUS.

POEM II.

TO LESBIA'S SPARROW.

FAv'rite bird, my Lesbia's joy !
 Oft with thee the maid will toy ;
 Often art thou fondly prest,
 Happy sparrow ! to her breast ;
 And her finger, which you court,
 Oft to thee she gives, in sport ;
 Till, provok'd by such delight,
 Eagerly her lips you bite :
 Thus the nymph, that's far away,
 Finds in such delicious play
 Something sweet, that sooths her grief ;
 Sooths her love, and brings relief :

O, could I but, like my fair,
Ease with thee each am'rous care !
Sure it wou'd as grateful be,
Full as grateful unto me ;
As the apple was, 'tis said,
To the nimble-footed maid ;
Golden fruit ! whose magic pow'r
Loos'd the zone she long had wore.

Some commentators contend, that much obscenity is conveyed in this poem ; others as firmly maintain an opposite opinion.

FROM

FROM PROPERTIUS.

ELEGY II. BOOK I.

TO CYNTHIA.

WHY weaves the nymph her hair in studious
braids ?

* Why her soft breast the Coan vestment shades ?

† Why breathe her locks Orontes' myrrhy dews ?

Why foreign luxury thus round her glows ?

Say, why with borrow'd lustre shines the fair ?

Why can't that form its native graces wear ?

No charms to thee, sweet life ! can dress impart ;

Love, honest love ! detests the trick of art :

* The island of Cos, one of the Ægean Cyclades, was famous for its transparent linens.

† The banks of the river Orontes, in Syria, abounded with those trees that distilled myrrh.

* See, how gay Nature paints the chequer'd meads,
 How ivy taught by her spontaneous spreads,
 How green † arbutus fringes the rude caves,
 How in meanders glide the glassy waves,
 How the rich pebble's streak'd with varying veins,
 And feather'd songsters trill melodious strains !

‡ No gaudy trappings Phœbe did adorn,
 And Elaïra, of Leucippus born ;
 When this bright maid her Castor's bosom warm'd,
 And that fair sister her lov'd Pollux charm'd :
 § When am'rous Phœbus for Marpesta sigh'd,
 And wrathful Idas claim'd his ravish'd bride ;

* In like manner Columella on the culture of gardens, v. 176.

*Et quos mille parit dives natura colores,
 Disponat plantis olitor, quos semine sevit.*

† The strawberry-tree.

‡ See Ovid, *Metamorp.* 8. & *Fast.* 5.

§ Apollo, falling in love with Marpesta, daughter of Evenus, carried her off by force from her lawful husband Idas ; Jupiter sent Mercury to know, whether she preferred the god or the mortal, when she gave it in favour of her mortal spouse, and was restored to him.

No

No flaunting ornaments were idly flung
Round the sweet nymph, from old Evenus sprung:
* When Hippodamia, in her rapid car,
Outshone the fairest of the virgin fair,
And won a Phrygian husband to her bed,
† No borrow'd beauties round her face were spread;
No blazing gems their garish lustre threw,
Grac'd with such charms as great Apelles drew :
These heroines pleas'd, yet little pains it cost ;
Sweet, native modesty was all their boast :
The heroes lov'd ; yet, Cynthia ! I declare
Their ardent flame would scarce with mine com-
pare ;

* Hippodamia's exquisite beauty so engaged the attention of those youths, who contended with her in the chariot race, that they were always beat ; Pelops however undertook to exceed her in the race, who, by bribing her charioteer, succeeded ; and married her, as the reward due to his skill.

† The Roman ladies were by no means strangers to the use of paint.

If

If one true lover can with partial eyes,

Thy beauty view, that beauty should suffice.

Then court not useless aid from gay attire,

Thou ! whom the Delian god has deign'd inspire,

Thou ! whom Calliope has lov'd so well ;

She taught thy hand to strike th' Aonian shell !

To thee the tuneful magic of the tongue,

Minerva's art, and Venus' charms belong ;

Thus gifted, sure my life thou long may'st bless ;

Spurn then, O spurn the hateful glare of dress !

ELEGY VIII. BOOK I.

TO CYNTHIA.

CAN'T all my love, rash maid ! thy flight
 with-hold ?
 Dost thou to me prefer Illyria's cold ?
 Can the dear stranger on thy will prevail,
 To fly these arms, and brave the adverse gale ?
 Canst thou undaunted hear the rough surge roar ?
 In the rude vessel canst thou sleep secure ?
 * Thro' gath'ring frosts, say, can thy soft feet go ?
 And canst thou, Cynthia ! tread th'unwonted snow ?

Propertius writes this elegy, upon his mistress being nearly seduced to accompany a certain prætor to Illyria ; and rejoices at her escape.

* So Virgil's shepherd Gallus, in the same strain of amorous concern :

*Ah, te ne frigora ledant !
 Ah, tibi, ne teneras glacies fecerit aspera plantas !*

VIRG. Ecl. 10.

L

O ! could

O ! could the year a twofold winter sway,
And seamen wait the * Pleiads' loit'ring ray ;
Still should thy cable wear the Tuscan coast,
Nor should my pray'rs in faithless winds be lost :
† Long may such storms in heav'n preventive
gloom !
Lest whelming waves thy vent'rous bark entomb ;
While I, transfixt upon the desert sands,
Upbraid thy scorn, and wring my frantic hands :
Yet, tho' thou'rt false, perfidious wretch, for thee
May Galatea smooth the prosp'rous sea !

* The Roman navigators scarce ever ventured to sea, till the rising of this constellation of seven stars ; which happened in the spring, and denoted fair weather. See Servius, upon Virgil's first Georgick ; and Ovid, Fast. 4.

† The poet wishes that winter, and its storms would still continue ; and prevent a voyage, in which his mistress might perhaps be shipwrecked ; leaving him upon the shore, a miserable spectator of her misfortune.

Beyond Ceraunian * hills, may happy oars
Direct thy way to Oricum's † calm shores !

But no new flame, sweet life ! shall warm this
breast,

Still shall my griefs be to thy door ‡ confess ;
Oft to each passing mariner I'll cry,
Tell me, what port befriends my darling joy ?
Tho' Atrax' § borders the dear nymph detain,
Tho' Elean lands ||, she shall be mine again ;

* These are the same chain of mountains in Epirus, which Horace calls,

Infames scopulos Acroceraunia. Hor. Od. iii. lib. 1.

† This was the first maritime town of Epirus, according to Pomponius Mela, cap. iii. lib. 2.

‡ The lovers of antiquity were used to vent their amorous complaints to the doors of their mistresses, which they also hung with garlands of flowers. Catullus has an entire poem, address *Ad januam impudicam*.

§ Atrax was a river of Ætolia, emptying itself into the Ionian Sea. See Pliny, cap. xi. lib. 4. and Strabo, lib. 9.

|| That is Peloponnesian ; Elis was one of the most principal districts in Achaia.

Here shall she stay !—she swore it!—and my foes
 Are baffled all!—what joy!—she hears my woes!
 Let bloated Envy nurse vain hopes no more;
 Cynthia resolves to tread no foreign shore :
 I'm dear, she says ; to her make Rome most dear ;
 * She'd scorn an empire that I could not share :
 A scanty couch with me she'd rather press,
 Be rather mine all humble ; than possess
 Rich Hippodamia's dow'r, an ancient throne †,
 ‡ Or the vast wealth horse-breeding Elis won :

* In like manner the tender Tibullus :

Sit mihi paupertas tecum jucunda, Neera!

At sine te regum munera nulla volo. TIB. Eleg. iii. lib. 3.

Which is beautifully imitated by Joannes Secundus, in his book of Kisses.

Non mensas fine te volo Deorum ;

Non, si me rutilis praefesse regnis,

Excluso Jove, Dii Deæque cogant. JO. SEC. Bas. iv.

† When Hippodamia married Pelops; her father Oenomaus gave the district of Pisa in Elis, as her marriage portion.

‡ Some commentators think, the poet alludes to the riches which were gained, by all Greece flocking to the Olympic games celebrated at Elis: others more probably conjecture, that the extensive and profitable traffic in horses, carried on at that city, is meant

Tho'

Tho' much my rival gave, and promised more;
She flies me not, contented to be poor :
Nor gold, nor Indian pearls I us'd, to gain
A heart that yielded to my melting strain.

Lov'd is the bard by Phœbus, and the Nine;
They guard my flame, and matchless Cynthia's
mine :
Thus blest, methinks I tread yon starry height ;
Yes! mine the nymph by day, and mine by night:
Safe are my joys beyond a rival's aim,
And glory hence my wintry age shall claim.

ELEGY

ELEGY XVIII. BOOK I.

TO CYNTHIA.

THE verdant gloom of this sequester'd shade
 Nature, to sooth a lover's anguish, made ;
 * Tis silence all, save when some Zephyr roves
 O'er the green bosom of the trembling groves :
 Here I'll to lonesome rocks my woes reveal,
 The lonesome rocks will sure those woes conceal !

From what sad æra, Cynthia ! shall I date
 Thy stubborn pride, thy unrelenting hate ?
 When learnt you first my passion to despise,
 And first taught sorrow to bedew these eyes ?
 Tho' now compell'd thy cruel scorn to bear,
 I once was all thy fickle soul held dear ;

• • • *Hor son pur solo, e non è chi m'ascolti*

Altro, che sappi e queste quercie amiche,

Ed io, se di me stesso oso fidarmi.

SANNAZARIUS. Vernac. P. 2.

What

* What spell has wrought this sad reverse of love?
Why from thy heart so fond a swain remove?
Is it that jealous doubts thy breast invade?
Is it that Cynthia fears some dearer maid?
Oh, if some dearer maid my heart could share!
Thy cold disdain I then might patient bear;
But such revenge shall ne'er thy scorn pursue,
Tho' to thy scorn revenge is justly due:
Had vengeance e'er induc'd me to suggest
One false suspicion, that might wound thy breast;
How would that breast have heav'd with ceaseless
 fights!
What floods of grief had dim'd those beauteous
 eyes!

• Alluding to those magic songs, *carmina*, which the ancients supposed had power to influence the love of a rival.

Is it you find my passion faintly blaze?
 Or hear me wanton in another's praise?
 Ye pines, whom much Arcadia's guardian * loves,
 Witness this truth, and all ye beechen groves!
 + Beneath your shades how oft I've sung my flame,
 And on your rinds have carv'd my Cynthia's
 name:
 Is it some fancied slight of injur'd love,
 That dooms me now these wasting cares to prove?
 Cares! to the silent forests only known;
 For silent forests only hear my moan:
 Too long, thou know'st, ungrateful haughty maid!
 With fond submission I thy will obey'd;

* Pan, to whom the pine was sacred:

Cum Pan

Pinea semiferi capitis velamina quassans. LUCRET. Lib. 4.

+ οὐλ' ἐπὶ δῆ φύλλοισι κειμεῖνα τέσσα φέρεται
γράμματα, κυδίππην ὅσσ' ἔρεντοι καλένται.

CALLIMACHUS.

Nor

Nor did I e'er of tyrant pow'r complain,
But wore, with transport wore thy pleasing chain !
Wretch that I am ! to seek, opprest with grief,
In these cool rocks, and sacred streams relief ;
Oft too my tender sorrows are beguil'd,
By the drear shelter of this pathless wild ;
And, as I here my hapless fate bewail,
The list'ning birds attend the plaintive tale.

But lovely Cynthia, spite of all her scorn,
Shall still my breast inspire, my song adorn !
And woods, and rocks, enamour'd with the theme,
* Shall still resound my lovely Cynthia's name !

Ipsæ te, Tityre, pinus

Ipsi te fontes, ipsa haec arbusta vocabant. VIRGIL. Ecl. 1.

M

FROM

FROM MARTIAL.

EPIGRAM LXV. BOOK III.

TO DIADUMENUS.

AS smells the apple, bit by some sweet maid;
As saffron gale, waft from Corycian * bed;
As the hoar vine, with shoots of early bloom;
As grass, fresh-cropt by herds, which breathes
perfume;
As myrrh; bruis'd amber; all the Arab mows;
As the pale flame, which Eastern incense throws;

* Corycus was a mountain of Cilicia, famous for its saffron; vide Strabo, lib. xiv. Pliny, Solinus, and others; Horace thus mentions this saffron:

Corycioque croco sparsum fletit. - HOR. Sat. iv. lib. 2.

MORI

As

As glebe, light-sprinkled by soft summer dews ;
Or the moist-tressed head, which nard imbues :
So smells, obdurate youth ! thy fragrant kiss ;
If giv'n with willing lips, could ought exceed
such bliss ?

EPIGRAM XIII. BOOK IV.

ON THE NUPTIALS OF PUDENS AND CLAUDIA.

LET Hymen's honour'd torch now brighter
blaze !

Be ever blest this happiest, best of days !
This day is blooming Claudia made a bride ;
To Pudens, happy youth ! the nymph is tied :
Thus honey blends with rich Falernian wine,
Thus with each other spicy sweets combine :
Nor loves the fragrant-flow'ring lotos more
A humid bed, or myrtles their dear shore ;
* Nor fonder of its elm the circling vine ;
Than this fond pair, whom nuptial blisses join :

• *Arctius atque edera procta astringitur ilex,*
Lentis adhaerens brachiis. HORAT. EPOD xv.

May

May Concord ever smile upon their bed !
And Venus all her kindest influence shed !
May she for him, when age has shew'r'd its snow
O'er his white head, with equal passion glow !
And he, when years have robb'd her of each charm,
Not find the change, but feel his joys as warm !

FROM

FROM MARULLUS.

EPIGRAM XIX. BOOK II.

TO LOVE.

WHILE with wanton joy around
 Frequent shafts you shov'r, to wound
 Many a gentle lover's heart,
 Deep-implanting ev'ry dart ;
 And equally malicious prove
 To men, and all the pow'rs above ;
 Tell me, my Cupid, tell me true,
 Who gives these fatal shafts to you ?

While thy wailings vex the air,
 And tears bedew that face so fair ;
 While to men, and pow'rs above,
 You equally malicious prove ;

While

While beauty's on your cheek display'd,
Nor age yet bids its crimson fade ;
Who bids thee heave these ceaseless sighs ?

And who thy tender woe supplies ?

But learn ; while such enflaming grace
Beams in bright Neæra's face ;
Thou'l ne'er want shafts to wound my breast,
And thine shall be with cares opprest.

FROM

FROM THE ITALIAN OF FILICAIA.

ON PROVIDENCE.

AS, with affection fond, a mother views
Her infant race, and melts with conscious joy ;
On the girl's cheek she oft the kiss renews,
Or to her bosom strains the beauteous boy :
Some climb, with eager love, her envied knees ;
Some at her feet, in childish frolic, play ;
Their secret wish the raptur'd mother sees,
From the sweet smiles, the gestures they display ;
And, as she marks each varied face, bestows
A tender look on these, and gentle speech on those.

The translator is well aware that Providence is masculine in English; but he thinks the simile contained in the piece, renders the change of gender at least warrantable if not necessary.

Yet,

ON PROVIDENCE. 89

Yet, if displeasure's frown her brow should wear;
She's still the mother, and her child befriends:
So Providence all-wise, with parent care,
Provides for some, to others comfort lends;
To all who ask she lib'ral aid supplies,
To ev'ry suppliant gives a willing ear;
And if sometimes her kindness she denies,
'Tis only to extort the grateful pray'r;
Nay, by denying oft our ill-tim'd wants,
Refusal is consent, and all our wish she grants.

NEW YORK: D. APPLEYARD & CO., PUBLISHERS.
1830.

THE LIBRARY OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO LIBRARIES
SERIALS SECTION

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

1830

FROM THE ABBATE BUONDELMONTE.

ON LOVE.

UNDER friendship's fair disguise
 Love, in smiling frolic, lies ;
 Or, affecting anger, now
 Furls like Scorn its wrinkled brow ;
 Nay, with Hatred's fullen mein,
 Crafty Love is frequent seen ;
 Pity's face too oft it wears,
 Bath'd in subtle, well-feign'd tears :
 But beware Love's wanton wiles,
 O ! beware his tears, and smiles ;
 Love in ev'ry form, believe,
 Still is Love, and will deceive.

Gray has elegantly translated the original Italian lines into Latin ; the piece may be found, in Mr. Mason's excellent edition of Gray's works.

FROM

FROM THE FRENCH OF BERNARD.

ON THE ROSE.

FLOW'R ! that Zephyr fond careffes,
 Sprung from tears by morning shed ;
 Brightest flow'r that Flora dresses,
 Now thy blushing beauties spread !

Yet, so soon thy glowing treasures
 Flaunt not to the garish sun ;
 O ! too transient are such pleasures,
 Scarce we view them ere they'r gone :

Celia is a bud fresh blooming ;
 Thou, like her, now boast'st thy prime ;
 But, ere long that prime consuming,
 She like thee must yield to time.

92 ON THE ROSE.

Quit, O rose ! thy thorny mansion ;

Gladly with the nymph abide !

O'er her bosom's fair expansion

Lavish all thy purple pride :

There, the snow-white heav'n admiring,

Breathe thy fragrant life away ;

While, with jealousy expiring,

I behold thy dear decay :

Such the bliss kind fate may give thee !

And, when on her breast you die,

She with smiles shall soon revive thee ;

If that breast can heave a sigh :

Then, as partial Love's revealing

To which orb thou shalt incline ;

O ! adorn without concealing,

O ! offend not as you shine :

And,

And, should'st thou by some rude lover

Thence with envious rage be torn;

Let the daring wretch discover,

Vengeance lurks beneath thy thorn.

FROM

FROM GILLES DURANT.

ODE TO THE HELIOTROPE.

THE rose that scents the ambient air,
 The pansy, and the violet blue ;
 Are flow'rs, that much my fondness share,
 But not so much, sweet flow'r ! as you.

* A nymph you were, as poets tell,
 Enamour'd with the god of day ;
 Loving the faithless god too well,
 To deep despair you fell a prey :

 Tho' once a nymph, but now a flow'r,
 No change e'er knew your constant will ;
 Yet, yet you love the radiant pow'r ;
 True to your darling Phœbus still !

* See the story of Clytie and Apollo, in Ovid's Metamorphoses, Fable iv. Book 4.

When-

Whene'er he spreads his genial blaze,
Your op'ning leaves the god confess ;
And soon as he withdraws his rays,
Your closing beauties grief expres :

Then share, sweet flow'r ! my tend'rest love ;
For long I've shar'd your hapless fate :
Constant, tho' scorn'd, alike we prove ;
Victims alike to beauty's hate !

FROM

FROM MOLIERE.

A S O N G.

SING then, sweet birds! the woods among;

Sing, warblers sing, nor cease your song!

But, with th' harmonious sound,

Awake alternate in these shades

Each echo, while the distant glades

The thrilling notes rebound :

Yet, did you feel like me the pangs of love,

No more your dulcet song would fill the vocal

grove.

11 AP 66

MORT

F I N I S.

